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THE NEW UNITY

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411 Bowen Ave

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So, to the soul that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple peaceful evermore!
And all the babble of earth's angry voices
Die in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in Thee.

O rest of rests! O peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest and thou changest never;
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fullness of joy, forever and forever.

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.
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1891 1898

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TOWER HILL is a resort without "resorters." It is a place where there is nothing to be seen but scenery —restful and varied. Nobody to entertain you unless you can entertain yourself. Nothing to hear sweeter than the song of the whip-poor-will. Nothing to eat but plain food. Country milk and vegetables from the company's garden. Nothing to drink but the purest water, drawn from the Potsdam sandstone, distributed through an efficient system of waterworks, chilled when desired by pure ice. Nothing to wear but plain dresses, to be changed only when dirty, unless you want to be out of the fashion.

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Ninth Season

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, CONDUCTOR

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Studies in English Poetry every forenoon under the leadership of Mr. Jones (list to be announced later). Course of Lectures on Forestry in the afternoons. Elective studies in Geology, Ornithology, etc. There will be a Farmer's Day, Young People's Sunday and Annual Grove Meeting.

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> "I am not only surprised but gratified to find the depth and largeness of the work of this school. There is so much going on that you cannot know of everything, and you only know of things by seeing them. Hundreds of others have heard of this school up here, but one has to come to see it to know what it means. It is now well started, well laid out, well planned, and years of growth are before it."
>
> REV. HIRAM W. THOMAS, D.D., in his closing address before the School of '97.

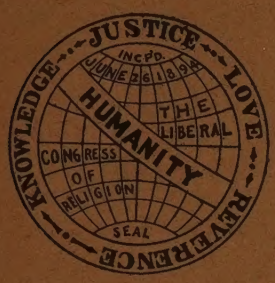
The New Unity Tower Hill Fresh Air Fund

For the third time the Tower Hill Company offers to give two weeks outing, including fare from Chicago and board at Tower Hill, and other necessary expenses to any city bound, invalid or over-worked women or children, when properly accompanied, for twelve dollars each. Contributions for the same should be made to the editor of the NEW UNITY, and will be duly credited in the columns of the same.

For further particulars concerning summer board and rent of rooms, apply to MRS. M. H. LACKERSTEEN, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago; for shares in the Company, including privileges of building sites, address MRS. A. L. KELLY, Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Chicago; concerning the Summer School or general interests, address the President of the Company and Conductor of the School, JENKIN LLOYD JONES, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1898. NUMBER 14



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for Religion's sake.
I say no man has even yet been half devout enough,
None has ever yet adored or worshiped half enough;
None has begun to think how divine he himself is, or how certain the future is."

WALT WHITMAN.

Two new poets have been discovered by their death. Here is a verse from a long poem by Gladstone; and if it is not beautiful, we know not where to find anything deserving of that adjective:

"How wast thou made to pass
By short transition, from the womb
Unto that other darkness of thy tomb,
O Babe! O Brother to the grass?
For like the herb, so thou art born
At early morn;
And thy little life has flowed away
Before the flowing day;
Thy willing soul hath struggled and is free;
And all of thee that dieth
A white and waxen image lieth
Upon the knee."

The best English critics are telling us that they have made another discovery in the case of Rev. T. E. Brown, son of a Manx clergyman; but who unfortunately died October 29, 1897. The *Quarterly Review* gives us this sample of his work:

"If thou couldst empty all thyself of self,
Like to a shell dishabited,
Then might He find thee on the ocean shelf,
And say: 'This is not dead,'
And fill thee with Himself instead.

"But thou art all replete with very *thou*,
And hast such shrewd activity,
That, when He comes, He says: 'This is enow
Unto itself—'t were better let it be:
It is so small and full, there is no room for Me.'"

Geneva, Ill., has long ago been christened as "The Saints Rest" by the toilers for liberal things in religion. Aside from the human interest that gathers around the little church in and for which Conant, Eddowes, Herbert, Byrnes, West, Mrs. Woolley and others have labored, nature always blesses this pretty little city by the Fox. When flowers bloom anywhere in this latitude they are at their maximum in Geneva. The Chicago Liberal Sunday School Union is arranging for a pleasant outing to this place on Saturday the 11th, and we trust many of our readers within reach will join the pilgrims. Particulars of the pilgrimage will be found in the news column.

The sad news comes over the sea of the death of Hans Tambs Lyche, whom the earlier readers of THE NEW UNITY will remember as an earnest contributor. Graphic, nervous, spiritual, were his contributions. Mr. Lyche was a Norwegian, and he loved his country with the ardor of a poet patriot. As a skilled civil engineer, he came to Chicago some eighteen years ago, homeless in religion, as he was a stranger in America. He heard for the first time from the lips of Brooke Herford the accents of a liberal gospel that appealed mightily to his head and to his heart. The early passion for morals now joined with the later enthusiasm for freedom, and he entered Meadville. There he met Mary Godden, a talented girl who had also traveled out of a narrower faith through the All Souls Church of Janesville, Wis., into a purpose to become a minister of free religion. In due time their lives merged, and there were some years of ministry in the West and in New England, and then the passion of the patriot carried Mr. Lyche and his family back to Christiana, where the opportunities of a great work unfolded to him. He became the editor of a widely-circulated, progressive monthly, a sort of Norwegian Review of Reviews. He became a lecturer and a preacher on high lines, of which too meager tidings reached our readers from time to time, and then a silence which we could not understand, and now the tidings that consumption did its quick work, and this brave young Skandinavian, the interpreter of Emerson and Carlyle, who embodied in himself much of the breadth and serenity of the one and the intensity of the other, is no more. We loved him when alive, and will cherish his memory that he is gone, and send our sympathy and greeting to the little family across the sea. America will be glad to welcome home the bereaved wife, and will be proud to nurture as its own the children of the enkindling Norwegian.

The political maxim that "To the victor belongs the spoils," is illustrated in the growing tendency of officials to defalcate with public funds. In 1896 $10,000,000 of public funds were stolen, and in 1897, $12,000,000. All this we denominate the loss of *public* funds, but in reality it is taking the property of the common people. It is robbery of the taxes paid by the poor producer. A very small proportion comes out of the most wealthy, because at present an income tax cannot be levied in the United States. Is it not about time that we reversed the maxim and made it read, "To the victors belong the duties?"

It was a sad but beautiful and welcome release that came to Miss Jane D. Barber, of Meadville, Pa., on the 20th ult., after patient suffering for many months. Miss Barber will be remembered with affection by many of the classes of the Meadville Theological School. She was a brave and fearless friend, and generous supporter of the cause which THE NEW UNITY stands for. For thirty years she has been the inseparable companion and home mate of Miss E. G. Heidekoper, and the memorial services were conducted by her brother-in-law, the senior editor of THE NEW UNITY, in the parlors of that hospitable home. Another sympathetic voice has joined the choir invisible; another helpful hand beckons on.

Manual education has become a matter of shop work in our city schools. In our country schools it should be a matter of garden work and field work. It is a mistake to suppose that shoving a jack plane is any more hand culture than using a hoe or digging fork. We shall never come to a true American education until our country schools are placed where the pupil can have command of half an acre or an acre of ground, or even more. This the teacher should understand the tillage of quite as well as he understands books. In other words, a man or a woman who knows nothing of farm life and farm duties, is unfit to train and educate boys and girls from the farm. Such teachers will inevitably inspire the pupils with a taste for town life instead of country life. And that is what has been going on these many years, until our best blood and brain have been drafted off into the cities.

A. M. Judy, of Davenport, in the report of the Cedar Rapids Liberal Congress to the *Christian Register* says: "It is a significant fact that so much unanimity should be manifested at even one fairly representative meeting"—the elements under consideration being the liberal Jews, Unitarians, Universalists, and Independents. He said further:

"The meeting justified itself. It was more largely attended than any liberal convention or conference which the writer has ever known in Iowa, and the cheer and enthusiasm were marked. Moreover, there was a prophetic quality to it which lent it especial interest. While many came to doubt, and many left in doubt, as to the future of the congress, all were probably impressed with the feeling that this meeting might possibly be the beginning of an important piece of history. Certainly all must have felt that it would be good if these representatives of many churches could find some way to thus meet regularly."

Mr. Judy further discusses, at some length, the future of the congress, dwelling upon the danger of its becoming a disintegrating influence, and "building up another denomination." But Mr. Judy's own good sense and logic show how groundless has been that fear in the history of the congress. That it will make for the establishment of independent and people's churches in towns where the openness cannot be established under any denominational name for various and obvious reasons, goes without the saying, because, as Mr. Judy says, "This solves a practical difficulty." But the entire spirit and genius of the congress, in its conception and its work, have been not to encourage revolution, but evolution. It calls not for emigration, but cultivation in the fields already existing. It recognizes the possibility of excellence inside the old creeds, and of sincerity under dogmas, because it believes that creeds and dogmas are surface expressions; whether wise or otherwise, they are but skin deep. Underneath are the great vascular tissues through which flows the arterial blood of conscience and the charities and the inspirations that belong thereto. The congress has started out on a voyage of discovery. It goes to seek the harmonies that combine the sects, and when these harmonies are found, to not only emphasize them, but to utilize them; to bring together, to help co-ordinate, and, when necessary, subordinate the patriotism of sect and the pride of denomination.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The commemoration festival of Decoration Day, and the beautiful definitive edition of Mrs. Stowe's writing, in seventeen volumes, including the revealing biography, which is largely autobiographical, edited by Mrs. James T. Fields, which lie before us, lead us back to the warriors before the war and to seek the heroic seed that grew the heroes commemorated last Monday. Studying the training-school of history, we promptly discover that the greatest general in that company of instruction was none other than the busy, warm-hearted, lively New England matron. So strikingly true is this that Abraham Lincoln's quaint phrase is justified when he met, for the first time, during the intense days of the war, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin:" "Is this the little woman who made this great war?"

And Harriet Beecher Stowe is no accident, no more than was the great rail-splitter of Illinois, to whom it was given to complete the task which she so auspiciously began. Both were children of destiny, both products of the soil, intensely American, environed as only America could environ genius.

Theirs was a genius that is alike traceable to simple beginnings, to pioneer privations, to ethical inspirations. Neither sought to be great, but both strove to be true, and to their own surprise, as to the surprise of the world, they found themselves great. In their greatness they persisted to be loving and loyal; they looked away from themselves, and so their greatness was clothed upon with sanctity. They are now invested, not with the admiration, but with the love of humanity. They were conscious of their times, burdened with the problems of their country. They sought the nearest duty and gave to it their whole strength, and thus unwittingly they became not representatives of a nation, but the representatives of a race. And to-day not Americans alone claim them, but the world. Not Americans chiefly love, honor and appreciate them, but the cultured, the competent, the noble of all nations do best appreciate them and do most devoutly love them.

"My sword shall be bathed in heaven," were the prophet's words that came to the doubtful and hesitating wife when she girded herself for her great task. History says, "verily, this is true of both these great commanders of the human heart, splendid leaders of the battalions of reform were they who marshaled on the fields of history the greatest battle line that ever kept step to music on this planet, because the armies of Abraham Lincoln and the still greater army of Harriet Beecher Stowe marched through opposition, contempt, ridicule, unpopularity, sickness, starvation and, easiest of all to bear, death for the sake of the lowliest. They heard the wail of the slave mother and grew indignant with a divine indignation at the crack of the slave-driver's whip."

Writes Mrs. Browning on the eve of the great war: "How you must feel, *you* who have done so much to set this accursed slavery in the glare of the world, convicting it of hideousness."

In far-off Siam, four years after Abraham Lincoln had signed the Emancipation Proclamation, a princess of the king's family, in studying English with Mrs. Leonowens, the English governess in the king's family who translated "Uncle Tom's Cabin" into Siamese, said, "I am wishful to be good like Harriet Beecher Stowe, and never again to buy human bodies, but only to let them go free once more;" and thereupon she liberated all her bondsmen, women and children, one hundred and thirty in all, and ever after she signed herself in Oriental fervor and affection, Harriet Beecher Stowe, in honor of the lovely American lady who had taught her, even as Buddha had taught kings, to respct the rights of her fellow-creatures.

Harriet Beecher Stowe was the "woman whose work is never done." Through a busy literary career that compassed thirty books, besides an endless number of articles and contributions to newspapers, magazines and reviews, she was always a home-maker and a home care-taker, domestic in the fullest New England interpretation of that term. A minister's daughter, a professor's wife, a mother of six children that brought the full quota of anxieties and sorrow, a devoted grandmother, wise in kitchen lore, successful in the gardening that belongs both to the front and the rear of the house, skilled with the needle, a purveyor of pickles and preserves, was Mrs. Stowe; and she was still a confidant of statesmen, a correspondent of the masters in literature and art, a friend and companion of earth's weakest and poorest, as well as the purest and noblest.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is easily the first American woman, and the world is fast coming around to Lowell's side, who recognizes in Abraham Lincoln a

"New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation told for the death of partisanship, of sectionalism, nationalism and race pride. The cry of the hungry should be heard and the wail of the enslaved should still arouse us, but these do not justify a war for an unholy quest, a struggle for territory, or a bitterness that will leave a hate for any man or men as such. As the black skin of the African was no license for cruelty, so the tawny skin of the Spaniard is not in itself a warrant for bitterness and hate beyond the sad necessities of a passing struggle. Let our armies fight as they did in the main under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln, in such a way as to win the love of their enemies and the blessing of the conquered foes. May they promptly disband when the starvelings are fed and the imprisoned are free, and may the disbanding leave behind no entailment of bitter hatred and lasting antagonisms on the one hand, nor of unholy ambitions, martial greed and military price on the other. Let them not forget the pride of our freedom, and still less the nature of our freedom. The cost was great, because the thing purchased was so rare and so high. Let the sword be drawn if need be, but never until it is bathed in heaven and filled with righteousness. Let our cold steel make for love the round world over, else may it be broken in shame and let it rust in neglect. Let our flag be trailed in defeat rather than it should wave in selfish triumph or in unholy power. Let our fighting be forward, not backward, and may this war be for the regeneracy and not the degeneracy of man.

It is a full story. The personal life of this home-maker—Litchfield, Hartford, Cincinnati, Brunswick, Andover, Florida and Hartford again. Through her other souls revealed themselves mightily in correspondence—Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, and many others from abroad, with the noblest in our own land. Not only as an advocate of the slave, but as a revealer of New England life, she is great; and her "Hearth and Home Stories," her papers on "The Little Foxes," her later writings, "My Wife and I," "Palmetto Leaves," and others reveal, the all-around woman, gifted but plain, poetical but practical, never well, always a sufferer but never giving up. Herself in a hurry, but always pleading with the world to go quietly and to seek the inner calm and to rest in the stillness of deep waters.

When Decoration Day wreaths are laid on the honored dust of those who fell for freedom, who fought for the rights of the enslaved, who befriended the friendless, may our children be taught not to forget this representative of that higher soldiery who with the weapons of love wrought mightily against tyrants and tyranny.

Notes by E. P. Powell.

There seems to be general popular approval of the decision of the Supreme Court making an inheritance tax constitutional. It is not improbable that we shall soon find a decision is possible from the same courts making an income tax constitutional. Great Britain last year collected about the same amount of income from these two sources. The Illinois law is more radical than that enacted in some of the other states, but it exempts property in the case of each heir up to $20,000. Above that one per cent. is taxed on everything. Collateral heirs, however, are only exempted to the amount of $2,000 and taxed two per cent. on all above that sum. When an estate goes outside of blood relatives it is taxed three per cent. if its value is between $500 and $10,000, and a larger per cent. for sums above that amount. The equity of such a law seems beyond question.

Many of us have been tracing with unusual pleasure the "Cheerful Yesterdays," written as an autobiography by Colonel Higginson, in the columns of the *Atlantic*. These now appear in the form of a book, issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Higginson stands now nearly alone from that group which included Whittier and the Boston literary antagonists of slavery. Perhaps the most interesting part of this book is his account of John Brown and his plans in reference to freeing the negroes. In the second year of the war Colonel Higginson took command of a regiment of freed slaves. His experience with them is notably interesting. He says, "There was a happiness in dealing with an eminently trustful and affectionate race, and seeing the tonic effect of camp discipline upon the blacks." He says that while the whites, as a rule, did not enjoy serving in the ranks, the negroes, who had been ordered about all their lives, felt it to be a step upward to be clothed in uniforms and have rights as well as duties. "Their ready imitativeness and love of rhythm made drill and manual exercises easy for them." This explains in some degree the statement which has been made lately that negroes are making our best soldiers.

I have referred in my notice of the "Letters of Victor Hugo" to the literary qualities of the volume. It is interesting to read what he has to say of John Brown, whom he calls a hero and a martyr. "His death was a crime, his gibbet is a cross. I write at the foot of the picture, 'pro Christo sicut Christus.' The abolition of slavery, an immense step in advance, is to be hoped for." Of Cuba he said: "Spain turned out of America; that is the great aim; that is the great duty for America."

The pleasure of knowing that Great Britain's people are one with us in sentiment, as well as blood, has been somewhat saddened by the apparent fact that those who aided us in securing our freedom are to-day friends of despotism and haters of liberty. But the facts are beginning to develop, that show us that in reality the anti-American sentiment of France, as also that of Germany, is entirely superficial. There has been an irritation created in those countries by our high tariffs and commercial dealing that was naturally desirous of some form of expression. But that the German people and the French have any hearty sympathy with Bourbonism and its tyrannical medievalism, is certainly untrue. The land of Lafayette and the land of Steuben are beginning to let us know that they are not ready to cast in their lot with the decaying effete Latin stock of Southern Europe.

Dr. Parkhurst has been recently discussing the question whether denominationalism is false to Christianity. He argues that the original group of disciples was distinguished above all groups known in history by its marked individual characters. He says: "There was an infinite possibility of conflict between the intuitive John and the skeptic Thomas, and the matter-of-fact James; and between the impetuous Peter and his more deliberate colleagues." But he shows how all these were brought together, and fused in one vital relation to Jesus—a sympathy so engrossing that no other consideration was able to count or signify. "The accord in which all these primitive disciples were able to continue with one another, had its ground exclusively in the personal union of each disciple with Christ. It had to do with something far deeper than methods of thinking, philosophic standpoint, or doctrinal complexion." To all of which NEW UNITY can very heartily say, Amen. The points that divide true Christians are positively insignificant as compared with the great truths that bind them together.

It does not honor our religious papers that they are prompt to endorse the crusades against the brewery-fed college of the Benedictine monks at Beatty, Pa., and at the same time overlook the fact that the same crusade has been waged, by the same paper, *The Voice*, of New York, against several of our Protestant universities and colleges on exactly the same grounds. The *Independent* has admitted quasi defenses of Yale and Princeton, but heartily approves of the bitter attack on this Catholic school which brews and sells beer, by the consent of Pope Pius IX.

It is a look in the right direction, along the line that the American people must surely walk, when the House of Representatives, by an overwhelming vote, passes a resolution in favor of an amendment to the Constitution whereby United States Senators shall be elected directly by the people, instead of by legislatures. This, of course, does not mean that the Senators will not stand directly as representatives of the states, but that the states will elect them by popular vote. The shameful history that has been accumulating to show that Senators are elected by bribery, and that legislatures are elected for no other reason but to elect the man who has the largest barrel of money, should be a chapter to be closed as soon as possible. Oregon, owing to a deadlock in the legislature, has but one Senator, and Kentucky has done little else for the past few years but fight over the election of its representatives in the upper house of Congress. Election by the people would head off a vast amount of bribery and prevent deadlocks in legislation.

The Presbyterian General Assembly celebrates the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the West-

minster standards. It would be more to the honor of this association of ministers if they would recognize the fact that nothing to-day is more completely dead than the Westminster catechism. Half of the ministers that preach in Presbyterian churches have never read the standards, and half the people who go to their churches would forthwith vacate their seats if they heard them read, or endorsed by their preachers. It is amusing to note among the topics discussed on this great occasion, "The Civil and Religious Condition of the Time," and this other one, "The Relations of the Presbyterian Churches to the People and to Education." These are all noble themes, but as far removed as possible from medievalism. Let Calvin and Charles V. rest in their graves. We need governments and churches equally up to the spirit of the age.

It is given as an illustration of the real religious and oratorical power of Mr. Spurgeon, that he would sometimes have an impulse, after reaching his pulpit, to throw aside all the work of preparation that he had made, pick up a new text, and preach from it. These freaks of the mind, even when they reach up to the height of being freaks of genius, are no more to be credited to inspiration, or the guidance of the Holy Spirit, than any other freakishness or instability which attacks us in our intellectual processes. There is great danger of mistaking our mental vagaries for divine leadings. Mr. Spurgeon may have been able to get the better of some of these pseudo-inspirations; most people had better not undertake to yield to them. There is no sin in good, solid work and thorough preparation for preaching, or for any other work.

Dr. H. Ruth, discussing the weaker eyesight of this generation, warns us that the proper course to take is preliminary. That the eyes should never be used carelessly, however strong they may be. Never read by twilight, nor by a flickering light, nor with light shining in the eyes. The moment the eyes begin to pain you in the slightest degree stop using them. Dr. Ruth asserts that tobacco and alcohol are particularly injurious to the eyes. If the eyes have become weak, one of the best cures is to change occupation, and take plenty of fresh air and exercise. There is nothing that this generation needs more than to understand that a decent system of education involves a thorough training of the five senses, and their preservation for their perfect use up to the oldest old age.

We must not overlook in the rush of other affairs, that some notable legislation is going on at Washington, affecting the great question of capital and labor. Congress has voted by a large majority to establish a system of arbitration between employers and the employed, so as to bring about a harmonious settlement of their quarrels. The bill is an excellent one, and endorsed by the Federation of Labor. That it will prevent all strikes, and all struggles between the great corporations and their employes, we do not believe, but it points in the right direction. It is to the honor of Congress that it is doing good work to harmonize the people, and enable us to be a united power for social progress.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Dat Lil' Brack Sheep.

Po' lil' brack sheep what strayed erway
  Done los' in de win' an' de rain;
An' de Shepherd, He say: "O hirelin',
  Go fin' my sheep ergain."
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep it brack an' bad."
But de Shepherd, He smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
  It de onlies' lam' he had.

An' He say: "O hirelin', hasten!
  For de win' an' de rain am col',
An' dat lil' brack sheep be lonesome
  Out dere, so far fum de fol'.'
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep it weak an' po."
But de Shepherd, He smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
  He lub it des' all de mo'.

An' He say: "O hirelin', hasten!
  For de frost am bitin' keen,
An' dat lil' brack sheep des shiv'rin',
  De storm an' de blas' between."
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep it ol' an' gray."
But de Shepherd, He smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
  Wuz fair ez de break ob day.

An He say: "O hirelin', hasten!
  For de hail am beatin' hard,
An' dat lil' brack sheep git bruises
  'Way off fum de sheepfol' yard."
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep it mos' wore out."
But de Shepherd, He smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
  Des' couldn't be done widout.

An' He say: "O hirelin', hasten!
  For de winter it a'mos' here,
An' dat lil' brack sheep you shear it
  'Tell its po' skin a'mos' clear."
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep am a wuthless thing."
But de Shepherd, He smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
  It fair ez a princely king.

An' He say: "O hirelin', hasten!
  Lo, here dey ninety an' nine,
But dere, way off fum de sheepfol',
  Dat lil' brack sheep ob mine."
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
  De rest ob de sheep am here."
But de Shepherd He smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
  He hol' it de mos'es' dear.

An' He wander out dere in de darkness,
  W'ere de night wuz col' an' bleak,
An' dat lil' brack sheep, He fin' it,
  An' lay it ergains' His cheek.
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep come back ter me!"
But de Shepherd, He smile laik the Lord he wuz,
  An' dat lil' brack sheep am me!

—*Ethel Maude Colson, in the Independent.*

The Right to Leisure.

The earth-hunger of the European nations, their partition of Africa, their schemes against China, carry a grave lesson. This "land-grabbing" is to open new markets. New markets are necessary for the increased output of machine-labor. The output steadily increases as inventive genius increases the productivity of machinery. But by-and-by there will be no more new markets, as there is now no more free land for homesteaders. Some time the hours of toil must be materially shortened through the impossibility of marketing the product of long hours, especially when Asiatics and Africans shall

have become competitive producers. Labor-saving machinery, so-called, is a term of prophecy rather than of actuality. Thus far it has saved no labor, though it has displaced and rearranged labor, and often placed it under more unwholesome conditions. The latest British statistics have shown the death-rate among workers in the manufacturing districts to be nearly double that of workers in the agricultural districts.

The situation and the prospect of this period of struggle to dispose of the ever-increasing product of an undiminishing toil, forces to the front the question what all the toil is for, or should be for. Certainly not for mere wealth, then more wealth, then wealth indefinitely. Wealth is the physical basis of civilization, good only so far as used for the superstructure of the full humanization of man. The rational end of work is leisure from work to build this superstructure, through culture of the as yet undeveloped capacities of the human mind—a thing impracticable for the multitudes whose energies are daily exhausted in keeping pace with steam and electricity. Not the making of money, but the making of man from a babe into an adult in mental and moral stature is the object of sane work as distinct from insane. This is the truth forced upon the thoughtful observer of the furious competition of the nations for new markets to dispose of the congested product of their overworked machine-tenders.

But as a fortune is a misfortune to one who knows not how to use it well, so is leisure to him who knows not its right employment. Sudden leisure would be as baneful as sudden wealth to those unprepared for its responsibilities. The evening school and lecture, the free library, the social settlement, and other agencies are gradually training the multitudes toward ripeness for the opportunities of increasing leisure that will come gradually as they become ripe for them. That these must come is as evident as it is that the capacity of human consumption is limited, while the capacity of production is unlimited. Already the producing power of machinery in England alone is estimated as equal to the muscular exertion of 700,000,000 men. Out of work for its essentially humanizing fruits in leisure for the enrichment, not of livings, but of lives in the spiritual development of men, grows the indubitable right of every faithful worker to share in these fruits. And the lesson of history is that rights are acquired only as men become ripe for their exercise.

With increasing ripeness for it, small instalments of the right to leisure have been gradually won. Yet the man at the machine, with energies all the better conserved and concentrated, succeeds with continually improving appliances in confounding the arithmetical prophets by turning out more in eight hours than in eleven. But such is the solidarity of the world's manufacturing and commercial interests, and such the intensity of international competition in the market, that further enlargements of leisure hours seem destined to be slow and tentative, waiting upon an improved morale of the workers, in which a full realization of their community of interest will ripen into unity of action to secure it.

J. M. WHITON.

To doubt is to dip love in the mire. —*Barrie.*

Divinity of Man.

Man may not perish as the fading light
Which, trembling, hideth from his translent view
When evening changeth into cheerless night,
And dimpled blossoms sip the silent dew.

The All shall seek him as a mother heart
Doth seek the offspring of her joy and smile;
The Power endureth from itself apart,
With ceaseless yearning for its lost, erewhile.

An atom from the boundless cosmic whole,
Whence self hath severed him, awhile to stay;
His sighing spirit seeks the Cosmic Soul,
And feels it folding him from self away.

A parted ray is gathered to the light;
A wand'ring beam hath sought again the sun;
A drop of dew hath found the ocean's might,
The soul of man with the divine is one.

New Salem, Mass. PERRY MARSHALL.

Wealth.

Life is wealth. Life is spirit. Wealth, therefore, is spirituality. Jesus said, with profound significance, "I come that they might have life, and have it more abundant." He was the richest man on earth, and he knew he was rich, because he realized that man is a spirit, and the more spiritual he was, the more abundant was his life, the more did he possess real wealth.

"Poor little child," we say as we note the feeble efforts of the babe; we mean that the soul-life of the babe is undeveloped. It may be a prince, born in a palace, but until the child's soul has grown to some appreciation of the love of mother, of home, of country, of God and of heaven, it is a "poor little child."

"Poor, miserable wretch!" we exclaim, as we look upon the dissipated, diseased wreck of humanity. Once the inmate of a happy and comfortable home, he now would "fill his belly with the husks which swine ate." He and the hogs were upon a spiritual level—"poor, miserable wretch!"

Seeing the self-abandoned, a man like Jesus would take a little child and set him in the midst and say: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." "Rich little child," it meant, "all things of the spirit are possible for you—you are a potential millionaire in contrast with this degenerate beggar!" And grouped around the child might be the woman of fashion, the selfish millionaire, and the harlot, as well as the prodigal son—all poorer than the fledgeling spirit looking half frightened through the two windows of its soul—the big, round eyes of the child.

For wealth pertains to human souls, and that only has value which is related to spiritual development.

A healthy body is of most value to a soul on earth. A diseased body is an impediment to any soul. The goods which we love to accumulate are of value, and are good, in just the proportion that they conduce to the health of the body and the development of the soul. But the body needs very little, very simple material means to keep it in health. Indeed, most people abuse their health with too much and too complex attention to the body. The proud man or woman who spends the whole time in mere accumulation of houses and lands, and fine clothes and carriages, is as poorly off as the glutton and the drunkard. The soul is overwhelmed and suffocated by mere property, or drugged with a pampered appetite. Our American life, to-day, is poverty-stricken with overproduction

and overfeeding. We pitied poor old Ajax because he had to carry the world upon his shoulders. And we pity the farmer who has bought all the land adjoining his farm that he can. We do not envy the imprisoned robin whose tyrant master would shout "Sing! sing!" and then cram food down its throat to make it live to sing again. And our souls shrink from the person who boasts that he "feeds well." The poverty of the slave—the slave to his property or his appetite—is most abhorrent. "What shall a man gain if he has all material things and buries his own soul beneath the pile?"

A simple, plain fare, enough for the health of the body, is good. But too much is not good. We attend an auction of a man's effects, which are advertised as his "goods and chattels," and we behold a few things which were "good," but most of the the things are "chattels," and the half-eager, envious buyers spend their money for that of which the more they have the poorer they are.

There is one thing, however, which the auctioneer of all that a man possessed will not, nor cannot, sell. The man's soul is not in the pile of "goods and chattels." All we can behold is the display of the things which denote how rich or how poor was the soul which possessed them. If there are pictures, a piano, or some well-used books among the rubbish of house, land, clothes, and other chattels, why, here is evidence that the man was wealthy. These things have a value. They helped make a life richer, they contributed to the man's true wealth.

He is a rich man who has a broad and deep knowledge of history, science, art, and religion. The more one has of these "goods," the wealthier he becomes, and there are no limitations to one's intellectual wealth. Man lives in two realms, and the spiritual realm is by far the greatest. Strip him of all but the plainest, simplest fare in this world of the senses, and he still is an immortal; if he knows anything of his immortal, infinite realm, how much wealth is his! Indeed, compared with a soul like that of Jesus, how poor is a Jay Gould! Gifted, as was Raphael, in contrast, what meagerness of life is that of the miser! Your soul, with God, in heaven, on earth,—what pauperism like that of the selfish woman who can help humanity, but will not! The religious life is the wealthiest. God is the true wealth, the one Good, in the universe. And love, sympathy, helpfulness—these are the money of God, coined with the spiritual stamp.

Perhaps, in the light of love, life, and spirituality, we may ask ourselves: Is our modern American life rich or poverty-stricken? Are we a nation of paupers, or have we the true "wealth of Nations?"

G. E. LITTLEFIELD.

And should the twilight darken into night,
And sorrow grow to anguish, be thou strong:
Thou art in God, and nothing can go wrong
Which a fresh life-pulse cannot set aright.
That thou dost know the darkness proves the light.
Weep if thou wilt, but weep not all too long,
Or weep and work; for work will lead to song.
—*George MacDonald.*

Is it not a little strange that social forces should be stronger than political forces; that conventional law should be more binding than the law of the state; that there is a social terrorizing from which no government could protect its citizens?

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

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The Veiled Philosopher—Robert Browning.

BY DANIEL PRATT BALDWIN, OF LOGANSPORT, IND.

Browning and Tennyson were both about the same age, and for over fifty years cotemporaries. For forty of these years Browning was almost wholly neglected, and Tennyson had it all his own way. Even to-day Tennyson is quoted twenty times to Browning's once. Tennyson's marvelously clear and perfect art gave him an immense popularity. But within the last fifteen years this popularity has been distinctly on the wane. His pessimism and wavering faith, and the elegant trifles to which he gave so much attention, have had much to do with this growing disfavor. Within the last ten years Browning has so grown in popularity that he now completely eclipses his great rival, and this is so notwithstanding the former's uncouth style, bizarre words, and lack of clearness. We have another instructive parallel of an unpopular poet growing in favor. At the beginning of this century Wordsworth, for nearly thirty years, was totally neglected, and Byron, his cotemporary, had it all his own way. Now Byron is almost universally forgotten, and Wordsworth almost universally read. Several reasons can be given for this phenomena of Tennyson's decline and Browning's growth in popular esteem. One is that Browning was a much better man every way than Tennyson. The Laureate was an aristocrat and a lord, with no sympathy whatever for common people. Browning, on the other hand, lived and died plain Robert Browning, one of the great middle class, without aristocratic associates, university training, or wealth. Another reason is that Browning, from start to finish, was a persistent optimist, whose faith was never shaken, seldom or never clouded. On the other hand, Tennyson's pessimism and wavering, one day one thing and another another, brought, with the lapse of years, its just punishment. In addition to this Browning was a very great thinker, which Tennyson never was. Except in "In Memoriam," Tennyson never did any original thinking, and that not very satisfactory at best. There are no dainty trifles in Browning. Every part of his work bristles with splendid originality, expressed, for the most part, in obscure, rugged, repellant sentences. No one can read his lesser poems—for example, that upon "Old Dog Tray"—without being flushed with inspiring and novel ideas. Then, again, the clubs have added enormously to the appreciation and love of Browning. No one ever heard of a Tennyson club, while there is not a city in our land which does not boast of its Browning club. These clubs, the result of a score of years of enthusiastic work, have let daylight into the most of Browning's obscurities, and developed an enthusiastic appetite among thinking people for his writings. And not the least of the reasons why Browning in a few years will completely supersede Tennyson is, that he married one of the grandest women of the century, Miss Elizabeth Barrett. She was a superb poetess, as well as a lovely character, and her influence over her husband can be traced in a

hundred ways. The world never had, before this marriage, two poets and two thinkers of the very first order made one flesh. This union was an ideal one, each in honor and love preferring the other, and each to each yielding untold mutual good.

Browning has some very grave defects, as well as some transcendent merits. I do him no injustice when I call him the Veiled Philosopher. His chief defect is his willful perversity in clothing his great thoughts in uncouth words and untranslatable sentences. I use the word willful advisedly. He is purposely obscure, I think, so as to gain readers. In this respect he was much like Thomas Carlyle. At the beginning no one noticed the great Scotchman until he clothed his thoughts in a jargon which gradually grew worse and worse. Then people read him to spite him, and the worse he wrote the greater merit was attributed to him. The idea of clubs to Browning was very sweet—so much incense burnt to his name—and the more clubs the worse he wrote. The usual excuse made for this obscurity is that his sentences are too heavily loaded with thought. Why, then, in the name of common sense didn't he use more words and clearer sentences? There is no such thing as reading Browning at sight. It is a noticeable fact that a first reading, even to a bright mind, is mostly Choctaw. Gradually the fog rises. And here is the proper function of a Browning club. A score of bright minds reading the same poems will discover the meaning where one reader could not possibly do it alone. Then, again, Browning is unnecessarily verbose and diffuse. The "Ring and the Book" spreads out over thirty-six thousand lines what could easily have been expressed in nine thousand lines. The most patient reader becomes weary of this prolixity. Let me give a homely illustration. A cider-press at first squeeze will yield a lot of rich toothsome juice, but squeeze the same press the dozenth time and the drops will come slow, very slow, and very sour and thin. So with Browning's tiresome and tedious longer poems. His great merit lies in and his great reputation rests, and always will rest, upon his short poems.

Browning's merits are very great indeed. Chiefest of them all is his vigorous and always powerful thought and faith. He had a superb intellect, and had pondered all the great problems of the nineteenth century, both the answerable and the unanswerable. He was easily the master of all the philosophies, and with his sound judgment and sound views of life and its ethical problems, he contributed invaluable legacies of thought to the world. While never an orthodox Christian—far from it—his concepts of God, the present life and the future world, are far better than those of orthodoxy. One of his very great merits is his manliness. He insisted

> "That a man will contend to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be it what it will."

"This world is the enigma; God the solution." This great saying is good and grand so far as it goes. But it don't go far enough. We must have a solution of the ineffable term God. Is God force, law, a person, the unthinkable, the unconditioned, or what? It is self-evident that we cannot get very far in our thought until this supreme enigma of God is cleared up. Browning does it in a few words, but very satisfactorily. God with him is a person whose dominating trait is not power, but love. Personality and love, not power and infinity, according to Browning, are the keys to this solution of mysteries which, to veil our ignorance, we call God and think that we have solved the problem. God is certainly a person, and hence the celebrated dictum that "He is a power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," entirely fails to describe Him. Power is an attribute of God, but it does not explain the Supreme Being except as an incident of and controlled by love. With Browning intellect is always a secondary consideration. With him the greatest things in the whole world are personality and love. For this reason we take our religions from the East and our philosophy from the West. The great Semitic nations have produced Christ, Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius and Mohammed, but never a great philosopher like Kant or Hegel.

Browning teaches that this tangled and strange and insoluble world is a unity and a divine plan. He insists that man was made in the image of God; that this life is a discipline and a preparation; that we are not so much judged by what we accomplish as by what we attempt, and that a life hereafter is a necessity both for man and God.

> "It's wiser being good than bad;
> It's safer being meek than fierce;
> It's fitter being sane than mad;
> My own hope is a sun will pierce
> The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
> That after last returns the first,
> Though a wide compass round be fetched:
> That what began best can't end worst,
> Nor what God blest once prove accurst."

The last line of this glorious stanza shows what Browning thought of the dogma of everlasting punishment, for if God ever blessed anything in this world, it is a sweet, innocent, sinless babe.

Browning's optimism is the best part of Browning. Through the vast mass of his poetry there is not a note of despair. Oh, how grand are "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "The Grammarian's Funeral," "Abt Vogler," and "Saul," a quartet of speckless diamonds. But these masterly poems yield their hidden treasures only to the severest, and the most patient study. I can only quote a line or two from each.

> "Then, welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go;
> Be our joys three parts pain,
> Strive and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

Here is a word from the "Grammarian's Funeral."

> "That low man seeks a little thing to do,
> Sees it and does it:
> This high man with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it.
> That low man goes on adding one to one,
> His hundred's soon hit;
> This high man, aiming at a million,
> Misses an unit.
> That has the world here—should he need the next
> Let the world mind him:
> This throws himself on God, and unperplexed
> Seeking shall find him."

In other words, God will judge us at last, not by what we do, but by what we aspire and persistently attempt to do even though we fall.

"Abt Vogler" is a tribute to music as the greatest of all arts to express the inexpressible. Music begins where language ends. Over its airy abut-

ments and aerial bridges the instructed soul can pass from the seen and temporal to the unseen and eternal; from the kingdom of flesh and blood to that shoreless and fenceless other kingdom where dwells the invisible King in all His beauty. For this reason music is closer to religion than all the rest of the fine arts combined. Here is a taste from this great poem.

"Sorrow is hard to bear and doubt is slow to clear.
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 't is we musicians know."

"Saul" is a search after God. After going the whole round of creation, the royal singer, David, is driven to this conclusion:

" * * * What stops my despair?
This:—'t is not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do!
See the King—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to save him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich,
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with death!
As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being beloved!
He who did most shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
'T is the weakness in strength, that I cry for; my flesh, that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O, Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever; a hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

The Sunday School.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO. REPORTED BY E. H. W.

XXII.—The Religion of Rome in Relation to that of Greece.

The Romans, at an early period, had a life of their own, a barbaric, primitive life for the most part uninfluenced by Greek thought and Greek art. Going back to that pre-Grecian time, we find a very effective kind of home-made worship, one which smelled of Latin fields and reflected Latin thought. The Romans seem to have had a wholesome, home-made religion, and to have had, like the Greeks, a great variety and diversity of gods.

But even before the conquest of Greece, the Romans had begun to come in contact with Greek life and thought. It was a case where the conquerors captured a better outfit than their own. The Romans actually stole the spiritual furnishings of their captives. They overran Greece, but in a measure they were themselves conquered by the Greek spirit and religion, so that, consciously or unconsciously, they adopted the Greek gods. There was already a close likeness between many of the Greek and Roman deities. The Roman gods were largely impersonal and shadowy, while the Greeks had so developed theirs that each had his attributes and all had a very elaborated system of family relations. But under Greek influence, the Roman Jupiter, the thunderer, probably a somewhat shadowy and impersonal deity, not very clearly differentiated from the other gods, adopted the attributes and character of the Greek Zeus. In like manner the Roman Neptune became identified with the Greek Poseidon, Juno with Hera, Minerva with Athena, Mars with Ares, Venus with Aphrodite, Mercury with Hermes, etc.

This has led to great confusion of terminology in many of our books on Greek and Roman mythology; and it has been only within the last few years that scholars have made any successful attempt to aid the unscholarly reader in overcoming the difficulty. Now many of our more recent books are making use of the Greek names exclusively, and so relieving the rising generation from the confusion which has beset us in our attempts to form a clear conception of the Greek theogony.

We have in Greece, probably, the gods of Egypt refined, polished and made symmetrical. The genius of Greece was not ethical but æsthetic.

The polytheism of Greece seems to have been in the last analysis monotheistic. For a comparison, let us look at Christianity in its historical sense. The Father-God was a being too shadowy and intangible to be apprehended by the common thought, and so Jesus was deified, as the Roman Augustus and later Emperors were apotheosized. In the course of time Jesus himself became too pure and lofty a conception to be approached directly, and Mary became a mediator between him and sinful man. In Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," Mary stands a little higher than Jesus, covered with compassion and tenderness, prompting her sterner son to mercy. But even Mary was too pure for everyday uses, too lofty to be bothered with small anxieties, and the church provided a long line of saints to relieve their superiors in regard to the ordinary matters of life. This is a perfect analogue to the highest Greek and Roman conceptions. Socrates was as much a monotheist as Jesus or Paul. Plato regarded the inferior deities as attributes of Zeus. He was a monotheist in the same sense that Emerson and Martineau were monotheists, and the Greek dramatists rose to a high conception of the unity of the great and invisible power. Plutarch, a priest of Apollo and a conservative of conservatives in the first century, wrote what we might appropriately call a sermon on religious unity, in which he maintained that the gods of Egypt were identical with the gods of Greece, the sole difference being in the form of worship, due to the different working of the Egyptian mind.

So in Rome there is no doubt that there were some who considered the many deities as mere abstractions, ineffable qualities of one who is divine and above all. It was this thought and not a religious laxness, as has sometimes been charged, that made the enlargement of the Pantheon so easy in the later days of Rome. The scruples of objectors were often set aside when they were told that the new gods were only old friends with a new face, and that the many diverse deities who laid claim to their worship were only different forms of the same agencies or separate qualities of one great and divine being.

The Study Table.

To-Day.

There is no past, no future lives,
Love's present only can abide,
God of Himself this moment gives,
And here eternity doth hide.

Like rose upon the leafy bough,
That breathes its precious perfume free,
Like song of bird, the living now,
Appeals in blessedness to me!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The First Republic in America.

Dr. Alexander Brown, who some time ago gave us a remarkable volume of historic material, entitled "The Genesis of the United States," has now placed before us "The First Republic in America." Compiled from records of 1624, concealed by the authorities, and now for the first time brought to light as authentic history. President Tyler, of William and Mary College, says of this volume: "I go to bed with this volume, reading it the last thing at night, and again the first thing in the morning." It is impossible in a brief review to do anything like justice to the book. Like "The Genesis of the United States," it is in many respects a revelation. The object of the book in brief is to show that John Smith's history, that has so long been accepted as the standard authority on the English colonization of America from the Jamestown landing, is "a national disgrace." Our author says: "Captain John Smith was not the founder of Virginia nor the father of New England. The men for whom I ask justice had other designs than merely making a tobacco plantation in Virginia. They secured a lot in the New World for a new nation, settled colonies both in Virginia and New England, and originated the first republic in America under charters of 1609 and 1612, which made possible all that has come after them. Standing on the broad foundation shaped by them, we are now a great nation, and all citizens of the United States have the same interest in their popular charters which they have in our declaration of final independence of 1776 as based on them." In other words, Mr. Brown makes it clear that we do not owe the moral and intellectual foundations of America and its free political institutions in so entire a degree to the Puritans of New England as has been assumed from false premises. The true premises for a national history he undertakes to give, and on these he shows that Virginia and Massachusetts were practically established by the same ideas. This easily explains to us the later fact that these two sections were found moving side by side with equal step in the events of the latter part of the eighteenth century. Virginia, in fact, possessed a larger degree of democratic equality than Massachusetts, and for that reason her statesmen were essential leaders for the first quarter of a century of our national career. The closing passages of this remarkable book might easily have been penned by the most reverend worshipper of Plymouth Rock and the Mayflower. E. P. P.

"Judith, the Daughter of Judas."

The first fruits from the pen of the lately-deceased Margaret O'Brien-Davis. This book occupies a unique place among latter-day novels. It is the work of a Catholic woman, and yet it breathes the atmosphere of intellectual liberty. While it does not belong to that rampant school of modern fiction in which Sara Grand occupies the professor's chair, it is developed along lines of rational thought, and deals with types of *possible* women; descendants of the original specimen are still extant. The miniature pen of the girl-author chose a difficult theme, and her story had a setting of environments with which we are sadly unfamiliar. Since Lew Wallace produced "Ben Hur," few men, much less women, have dealt with the time of Christ with adequate power. The fact that "Judith" is a work of much dignity, perfectly free from historical error, thoroughly consistent throughout in the matter of the dual complements, action suitable to time and place, has won for it enviable recognition. The sixth edition of the book, it is understood, was exhausted at the date of the author's death, which transpired April 1st of the present year. The work recently completed was written in a lighter vein, and while it boasted a less pretentious title than "Judith," the high character of the moral and mental tone was doubtless sustained. The name decided upon for this novel was "The Way of Woman," and it will doubtless be given to the world very shortly by those who appreciated the author's claim to an attentive audience from the reading public. Margaret O'Brien-Davis was a bride of a few months; she won her spurs in journalism within a year after her graduation at the Convent of Loretto (Bardstown, Ky.).

Lately she assisted in organizing the Woman's Press Club at the capital city of Alabama, and was elected secretary of that important body of women. She was also the chosen delegate to the National Convention of Women's Clubs at Washington, D. C. These honors were bestowed at a somewhat earlier age than the responsibility is usually conferred, Mrs. Davis was less than thirty. Some years ago she became a recluse in the novitiate of the Loretto Convent, and the scope of Margaret O'Brien's usefulness was sensibly lessened. Her health failed, however, and she sailed away with her father over southern seas, to return at last to us with a fuller message. The austere destiny of a sister being denied her, she drifted back into her chosen work, and from the proceeds of her literary labors she erected a memorial window in Loretto Chapel, and the sisters call that Sister Margaret Marie—after the ardent soul who served with them so brief a time. Everything about this young life is burning, beautiful, thrilling, and the close a tragic sequel to so much brightness. She had hoped so much—striven so earnestly, conquered legion difficulties, to come into a great peace, a deep happiness, on this earth.

The aftermath: may it be a broader development of her splendid dreams HERE.

RUBY BERYL KYLE BEALL.

"If we save the children to-day, we shall have saved the nations to-morrow."

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Strengthen me with a willing spirit.
MON.—The goodness of God yet continueth daily.
TUES.—He knoweth the secrets of the heart.
WED.—He that dwelleth in the covert of the Highest,
Abideth in the shadow of the Almighty.
THURS.—With His pinions He covereth thee,
And under His wings thou art safe.
FRI.—Renew within me a steadfast spirit.
SAT.—Thy guardian doth not slumber.

—*Psalms.*

Slumber Song.

Slumber, slumber, little one, now
The bird is asleep in his nest on the bough.
The bird is asleep, he has folded his wings,
And over him, softly, the dream-fairy sings:
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!
Pearls in the deep,
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep:
So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, soon
The fairy will come in the shape of the moon!
The fairy will come singing through the stars,
And dreams will come singing through shadowy bars:
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!
Pearls in the deep,
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep:
So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, so;
The stars are the pearls that the dream-fairies know.
The stars are the pearls, and the birds in the nest,
A dear little fellow the fairies love best:
Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!
Pearls in the deep,
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep:
So lullaby!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

The Subjection of Parents.

An editorial in *The Christian Register*, under the above head, speaks of a "new commandment," "Parents, obey your children in the Lord, for this is right," and says: "This not only satirizes a good deal of mal-adjustment in the domestic relations of our time, but is capable of a reasonable and just interpretation. There are wide ranges of experiences through which it is an honest help and guide. The modern child works his first miracle at a much earlier age than that of Jesus, when, as the story goes, he wrought his first at Cana—sometimes before he has been domesticated with us "a whole long fortnight," the first-born being generally possessed of more miraculous powers than his successors. And to the obedience he exacts in this first stage of his career, it would be churlish to make any least objection. "The small despot asks so little that all nature and all reason are on his side." So Emerson, and who does not heartily respond? But the danger is that the subjection of parents, which is so natural and inevitable and beautiful at the dawn of life, may be too much perpetuated into the early morning hours. In the New Testament legend, Mary keeps the wonders of her precocious child in her heart. Too many mothers keep them on their tongues.

The words attributed to Mary at the wedding feast, "Whatsoever he saith unto thee, do it," is a motto fit to hang for the instruction of parents in every nursery and home, if it be understood that what the parent is to obey is not the conscious wish or whim of childhood, but the law of its development, the necessities of its plastic life. And, thank heaven, there are thousands and tens of thousands to whom this thought has come—not from any Bible text, but by free intuition. * * * The child set in the midst in the New Testament as an example of what men should be is a remarkable commentary on the traditional theology. * * * If we go to the bottom, it is not as an example that the child set in the midst is the most effective for the good of those to whom his helpless life is given in solemn trust. It is as a means of consecration. If it concerned ourselves only, we might do this or that below our level best. In that case we might have our fling. But it does not concern ourselves only; it concerns the children set in the midst. Are we willing they should do and be what we are sometimes tempted to do and to become? If we are not, then we must do and be the things which the necessity and the ideal of a lovely childhood and a noble later life demand. * * * Here is the subjection of parents of which the proudest need not be ashamed; for it is subjection to whatever trial or sacrifice may be required for the realization in our children of their utmost possibilities of happy and victorious life.

A Garden in a Barrel.

A strawberry patch on wheels! This is the latest novelty in market-gardening, and it is a practical success. Its owner has not a square inch of yard space, yet he raised enough strawberries at his very door to supply his own table with this delicious fruit.

The garden consists of a large empty sugar barrel on a stout platform fitted with wheels. The owner, then, with an inch-and-a-quarter auger, circled the barrel with rows of holes. The distance between the rows was six inches, and the holes in each row were five inches apart. The first row of holes was a foot from the bottom of the barrel.

Next he made two pilgrimages to the nearest greenhouse, bringing from the latter, in his wheelbarrow, a small load of coarse gravel and a sufficient quantity of rich, sandy loam.

The gravel was placed in the bottom of the barrel to a depth of six or eight inches. Over this was sprinkled a thin layer of well-rotted fertilizer, and upon this was placed five inches of the sandy loam. The process was repeated until the barrel was filled.

Meantime, as each layer of soil was built up, the roots of a choice and thrifty strawberry plant were inserted into every auger hole, and carefully imbedded in the loam. The top of the barrel was also set with as many plants as the space allowed, and the perpendicular strawberry patch on wheels was finished. Now the owner finds his chief satisfaction in the fact that the berries which dangle from his barrel are of the finest possible quality.

According to his experience, the vines of his barrel are not only more thrifty and prolific than any seen growing in an ordinary patch, but the freedom of the fruit from sand is a great advantage.—*New York Herald.*

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TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

In presenting the fourth annual exhibit of the finances of the Liberal Congress, the Treasurer desires to thank the friends who have kindly contributed to the success of the meetings thus far, and he hopes that the renewals will be prompt and generous, and that the old friends will help in adding to the list many new names.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION

FROM JUNE 1, 1897, TO JUNE 1, 1898.—FOURTH YEAR.

RECEIPTS.

Amount in bank June 1, 1897		$ 7 88
LIFE MEMBERSHIPS:		
J. S. Grindley, Thomasboro, Ill.	$25 00	
Dr. Cyrus Bartol, Boston	50 00	
Evan Lloyd, Chicago	25 00	
H. H. Kohlsaat, Chicago	25 00	
Dr. H. W. Thomas, Chicago	25 00	
Rev. B. Fay Mills, Cambridge, Mass.	25 00	
"Illinois Granger"	25 00	
B. Schlesinger, Brookline, Mass.	25 00	
		225 00
ANNUAL MEMBERSHIPS:		
Edwin S. Brown, Chicago	$ 5 00	
Rev. S. H. Winkley, Boston	5 00	
Rev. W. D. Simonds, Madison, Wis. (per THE NEW UNITY)	3 00	
Rev. J. H. Crooker, Troy, N. Y.	5 00	
Miss Juniata Stafford, Chicago (per THE NEW UNITY)	3 00	
Rev. A. J. Messing, Chicago (per THE NEW UNITY)	3 00	
Rev. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.	5 00	
Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.	20 00	
F. H. Bond, Wenona, Ill.	5 00	
T. M. Hunter, Versailles, Mo.	5 00	
J. D. Ludden, St. Paul, Minn. (per THE NEW UNITY)	3 00	
Miss Althea A. Ogden, Chicago	10 00	
A. G. Becker, Chicago	5 00	
J. W. Plummer, Glencoe, Ill.	10 00	
Miss Elizabeth Smith Miller, Geneva, N. Y.	10 00	
Siegmund Guthmann, Chicago	5 00	
Mrs. Mary Newbury Adams, Dubuque, Ia.	8 00	
Conrad Witkowsky, Chicago	5 00	
Leopold Mayer, Chicago	5 00	
Rev. G. N. Falconer, Fort Collins, Col.	5 00	
Rev. U. S. Milburn, Cincinnati, O.	5 00	
J. A. Cooper, Struthers, O. (per THE NEW UNITY)	3 00	
Mrs. Carrie Hoffman, Freeport, Ill.	5 00	
Chas. Haas, Chicago	5 00	
S. C. Mason, Chicago	5 00	
Rev. E. E. Gordon, Iowa City, Ia.	5 00	
Mrs. Phoebe M. Butler, Oak Park, Ill.	5 00	
J. Rosenwald, Chicago, Ill.	5 00	
Jas. A. Stoddard, Chicago	5 00	
Mrs. Marie Harrold Garrison, Chicago	10 00	
Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill.	15 00	
Rev. John Faville, Appleton, Wis.	5 00	
David Timothy, Hillside, Wis.	5 00	
Prof. Chas. Zeublin, Chicago	5 00	
Mrs. Helen J. Kendall, Westfield, Wis.	5 00	

The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

LINCOLN, NEB.—An action unprecedented has taken place among the liberal religious people of this place. Thirty years ago a Universalist church was organized here and a chapel built. With varying vicissitudes it has struggled along to the present time. During the pastorate of Rev. E. H. Chapin, it grew slowly but steadily in numbers, but more in solidarity and unanimity. Universalists, Unitarians, Spiritualists, Christian Scientists, Theosophists, Swedenborgians, and those who acknowledged no religious name found that they could work for high aims side by side in harmony, with sincere regard for one another, and respect for one another's opinions. At last it was thought that the time was at hand for a new church building. The call came for new sacrifice and devotion and met with a hearty response. But the hard times and days of depression quickly followed, and it almost seemed that sacrifice was in vain. Still the stout hearts did not quail, and for two years the society has unfalteringly persevered without a pastor, not omitting during that time a single regular service, keeping up all the activities of the church as expressed in Sunday-school, Unity Club, Ladies' Society, etc. And now it became evident that the time was ripe for a union of all the liberal forces of the city. So in response to a call issued by several interested in such a movement, a large number of people, many of whom had never been in any way identified with the existing society, assembled in the church parlors and proceeded to form a new organization, which is to to be known as All Souls Church of Lincoln, and to be in affiliation with the American Unitarian Association. The property of the Universalist Church, amounting to over $25,000, is to be turned over to this new society, and it, in turn, will assume the debt of the old society, which amounts to about $9,000. A unanimous call was extended Rev. George W. Stone, recently ordained minister in Boston, to become pastor of the Lincoln church.

This is the first instance in the history of the two denominations that a live and active Universalist church has gone *en masse* over to the Unitarian body, and the fact that it was accomplished without the slightest friction or loss of fraternal feeling proves that the dawn of the day when fellowship, character and love shall be triumphant, is illuminating the sky. L. M. P.

CHICAGO.—The pastor of All Souls Church made Decoration addresses before the boys of the manual training-school on Friday morning last, and the pupils of the Forestville school in the afternoon. An exchange of courtesies on Sunday morning gave to All Souls Church a searching message from Lowell, rendered by a little Jewish child of this school, before the sermon, and a sympathetic rendering by a chorus of some fifteen children of Dekoven's musical setting of Kipling's great "Recessional Hymn" at the close of the sermon.

The Great Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, to be held at Omaha, Neb., June 1—Oct. 31, will be the event of the season. The Chicago & Northwestern is the direct route with three daily express trains from Chicago, superbly equipped. City ticket office, 212 Clark St.

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Rev. W. L. Birch, Jersey, Beaumont, Eng.	6 00	
Mrs. Dennis Murphy, Jeffersonville, Ind.	5 00	
Miss Addie Benneson, Chicago	5 00	
Mrs. Archibald MacArthur, Riverside, Ill.	5 00	
Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, Kalamazoo, Mich.	10 00	
Mrs. H. B. Hoyt, Kalamazoo, Mich.	5 00	
Mrs. C. G. Kleinstuck, Kalamazoo, Mich.	5 00	
Mrs. C. A. Ransom, Plainwell, Mich.	5 00	
C. L. Bartlett, Hamilton, Ill.	5 00	
Fred V. Hawley, Brooklyn, Mich.	5 00	
Mrs. Martha McKay, Indianapolis, Ind.	5 00	
Rev. F. L. Hosmer, St. Louis, Mo.	10 00	
Miss Sarah J. Farmer, Eliot, Me.	5 00	
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		443 00
SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS:		
Rev. R. Heber Newton, New York	$ 50 00	
Rev. E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y.	10 00	
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Rev. L. W. Sprague, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1 00	
Maylon Jones, Crab Orchard, Ill.	2 00	
N. C. Earl, Gilmantown, Wis.	1 00	
J. A. Wilkinson, Cincinnati, O.	1 00	
		73 00
SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM SOCIETIES AND CONFERENCES:		
Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and other Independent Societies	$ 10 00	
People's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich.	10 54	
People's Church, Chicago	100 00	
All Souls Church, Chicago	227 00	
Sinai Temple, Chicago	186 02	
The Temple, Cleveland, O.	25 00	
Hillside Chapel, Hillside, Wis.	5 00	
		563 56
Sale of Congress leaflets	1 65	1 65
Total receipts		$1,314 09

EXPENSES.

Office supplies	$ 9 60	
Letter-heads	10 50	
Postage	45 65	
Telegrams	4 70	
Expressing	3 55	
Printing	121 40	
Clerk's salary (May, 1897, to February 15, 1898)	625 03	
Expenses of Secretary to Nashville in March, June and October, arranging Nashville meeting	57 00	
Expenses Benjamin Fay Mills—Nashville meeting	65 00	
Expenses Washington Gladden—Nashville meeting	13 95	
Expenses Nathaniel Schmidt—Nashville meeting	60 00	
Expenses Secretary's assistants—Nashville meeting	65 00	
Expenses Prof. A. E. Dolbear—Nashville meeting	60 00	
Expenses W. L. Sheldon—Nashville meeting	12 00	
Dr. Lewinthal, for local expenses—Nashville	8 85	
Expenses of speakers to Nashville, per Dr. Janes (Messrs. Saradananda, Nabokof, Cola and Ghandi)	135 00	
Total expenses		$1,297 23
Balance on hand, June 1, 1898		$16 86

LEO FOX, Treasurer.

Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society.

The annual meeting on May 17th was unusually well attended, and brought its usual quota of suggestiveness for those who had come to it from various Western schools. President Gould, in his opening address, touched on the past work of the society in publishing lesson-helps for teaching that all nature is divine, and that society is a divine institution, full of religion and made to be ennobled by man. We next would need our children to learn that God is not only in Jewish history, but in all history, and in all the workings of humanity, to see how each individual and each nation has been involved in that progress of the great world which has made man's surroundings what they now are. Such a series of biographical lessons, and such a saered world-history seemed to him to be among the publications needed.

After Miss Lord had given her report (which we hope to print in full later on), Mr. Scheible read the treasurer's report, which showed receipts from sales $1,147.43, from individual donations $20, from annual memberships $50, and from Sunday-schools (24 contributing) $137.50. These had enabled the society to print what seemed most urgently needed, and to report $34.25 on hand, with all bills paid.

Next came an able paper by Rev. Lila Frost Sprague on the graded course of lessons as used at Grand Rapids. Starting with a year on the development of worship in the nations of the past, the second grade used Mr. Gould's "Mother Nature's Children," and the third studied the Old Testament heroes. Grade four took up the Christ-life, and grade five used "Beginnings" as its guide, while the young people and adults in the sixth grade were left free to choose their lines of study. The course as thus arranged seemed to meet the local needs admirably, and had been arranged with a view to giving each child what seemed best adapted to his age.

An interesting discussion followed the paper, after which there was a symposium on the most successful features of our Sunday schools. Among the speakers were Prof. S. H. Clark of Memorial Chapel, where the singing had been made a fine feature by having the pupils come to a song rehearsal for twenty minutes preceding each session. Miss Jenney of Sioux City, reported their teachers' meetings as so helpful that no teacher could conscientiously miss them. Rev. A. M. Judy even went further by saying that "the teachers' meeting is the father of the Unitarian Society in Davenport," while Mrs. Dimmick of Quincy, thought that the best thing about a Sunday school (as about a dinner) was its regular recurrence to fill a regularly repeated want.

On recommendation of the business committee the following were then elected:

President, Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago.
Vice-Pres't, Mrs. M. H. Perkins, "
Secretary, Miss Mary L. Lord, "
Treasurer, Albert Scheible, "

Directors to 1901:
Rev. L. J. Duncan, Milwaukee,
" A. W. Gould, Chicago.
" Florence Buck, Cleveland.
Mrs. F. C. Southworth, Chicago.

Director to May, 1900:
Rev. John R. Effinger, Chicago.

Director to May, 1899:
Miss Hintermeister, Evanston.

Whereupon the meeting adjourned.

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The Two Paths.

"The Two Paths," by Marie A. Watson, just issued, has been pronounced by an able critic as an exceedingly interesting story, aside from its metaphysical aspect. The plot is strong and in many respects unique. The power of thought, especially the image-making faculty, and the ability to project this image is shown to be a two-edged sword. A student of occultism uses this power for a selfish end, and comes to grief at the hands of his would-be victim, who sees him in a dream, and believes that his astral form is the man in his physical body. The occultist is later found dead in his own apartment, while the young woman declares that she killed him in self-defense at her bedside. The heroine falls into a trance. Her soul loosened from the body has strange experiences in other realms. These she relates, upon returning to consciousness, to her friends. There are plenty of other incidents in the story, and a chapter on "The Ideal Marriage" is strikingly original, if nothing else. The book serves a useful purpose in illustrating the power of thought when exercised by one individual upon another, and also defines the use and abuse of such phenomena. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, 50 cts. Bound in cloth.
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